James, Prince of No-Land:

OR, AN

ANSWER

TO

Dr. *Woodward*'s falſe Friend,

In Vindication of the Reverend Mr. *Sharp*, the Curate of *Stepney*.

Herod *and* Pontius Pilate *are agreed. King* Charles *I.*

PART I.

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PART I.

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James, *Prince of No-Land*, &c.

THERE are two Sorts of Enemies in the World, an open and a private Foe. This, with the Fraudulency of the Fox, allures you, 'till he gets you in his Clutches; the other, with the Rapacity of the Tyger, leaps over all Confines of Modesty, 'till he catches you in his Paws. Now, the Vindicator of Dr. *Woodward* has play'd both these Parts, in Reference to Dr. *W*———*d*, and the Curate of *Stepney*; for as to the latter, he has publickly, and in Print abus'd him, and the other, in that same Character he has defended, tho' in his publick Conversation he daily scandalizes. I confess the Doctor has more Reason to be affronted, than the other, to endure a Fellow to espouse his Cause, who has at the same Time done it with a Design to expose him; and as for the Curate, he could expect no better Treatment from one whom he has so often reprimanded for abusing the Doctor, who at that Time was his very good Friend and Patron. The Curate is charg'd for being Author of a Letter to Dr. *Woodward*, which more probably was writ by the Vindicator; for the Doctor

has leaſt prejudic'd the Curate of any of the Miniſters belonging to *Stepney*, his Buſineſs lying altogether in and about the Church; and therefore, if the Doctor's Collecting-Book goes without his Bounds, Mr. *Sharp* is not Lecturer; if the Doctor extorts Money for viſiting the Sick under another Man's Care, the Reader is not Vicar. But this I muſt ſay, that if the Doctor minded his *Cura Animarum* in his own Hamblet, or in his very Hoſpital where he cohabits, there would be more Love and Chriſtian Charity between him and the Vindicator; for if the Vindicator is not an ill Man, why did the Doctor diſcharge him from being his Curate, and write a Letter to the *Eaſt India* Company, to diſplace him from his School? But if he is an ill Man, why doth he ſuffer ſuch an One to eſpouſe his Cauſe, and abuſe others, as he has very often done him, and now doth Mr. *Sharp*, without any Manner of Provocation? What! is there a new League going to be made between the Pope and a *French Prince?* Will *Birds of a Feather flock together?* What Reaſon? What Provocation? What Temptation did ever Mr. *Sharp* give either of you, to uſe him thus? If there's a Letter writ to Dr. *W*———*d*, to reprimand him, muſt the Curate of *Stepney* needs be the Author? Is there never a Man in *England* dares tell Truth, but him? And muſt this be ſupported with fictitious ſcandalous Stories, and yet the whole Deſign of the Book is to expoſe the Au-

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thor as a Man of foul Language, and when you uſe an hundred times fouler your ſelves? For Shame, Gentlemen, hath either Dr. *K*——, or you, or Dad, or any other, diſprov'd one Tittle of the Complainer, but tacitly own'd the whole Matter? And may not God raiſe a poor contemptible Reader, as *Ezekiel* was thought among the *Rabbies* and Doctors of *Iſrael*, who was the Son of *Buzy*, an obſcure Prieſt among the *Chaldeans*, to rebuke the Wiſe of this World, with a *Woe to the fooliſh Prophets, that follow their own Spirit, and have ſeen nothing?* Ezek. 13. 3. *I have ſeen Folly in the Prophets of* Samaria, *an horrible Thing in the Prophets of* Jeruſalem, ſaith *Jeremy. They walk in Lies; and what are they, but the Viſions of their own Heart?* Jer. 23. 16. I confeſs it is not always deſperate with God's Church, when the Prophets are commiſſion'd with a *Cavete* to the People; but when God raiſes up an obſcure Perſon, to rebuke even the very Prophets, and that with a Woe too, it demonſtrates as well his Diſpleaſure, as the Blindneſs of the Prophets following their own Spirit, who trimming with the true God, had given Way to *Aſhteroth*, or ſome God of *Ekron*.

I ſhall therefore, firſt, make ſome Obſervations on the Letter to Dr. *W*——*d*, be the Author who he will, and then oppoſe the ſcandalous Reflexions of the Vindicator to the Curate of *Stepney*; and in order to put the whole into a clear Light, make ſome Reflexions of

the whole. And firſt, the Author of the Letter, ſaith, he doth not believe, that the Doctor was requeſted to appear in Print by the People of *White Chappel*; and he might have added, nor to preach there; for the Vindicator has, before and ſince, publiſh'd it in all Companies, that the Doctor goes about begging of Pulpits, only to make himſelf known, that he may thereby get Preferment; ſo that the Author took that Hint from the Vindicator, who has as quick a Knack at telling Fortunes, as *John Partridge*; and by the *Impertinency* and *Ribaldry* of a few Lines, knew the Author was Mr. *Sharp*, as he doth a Grave-Stone in *Stepney*-Church-Yard, which he ſtumbleth over, when he comes ſtaggering from the Ale-houſe at *Mile-End*, to *Poplar*. And I am certain, tho' Mr. *Sharp* might come out of the *Three Cranes* one Morning, when he was ſent to by ſome People, who came about a Wedding, yet he never came thence drunk, as the Vindicator has many a Time, and been rebuk'd for it by Mr. *Sharp*; and as to his going in an Evening to that Houſe, he has done more good by it, than ever the Vindicator did in his School, I was going to ſay Pulpit; for the Gentlemen that meet him, are ſuch as come to Prayers, and their Expences never exceeds three Halfpence a-piece; by which he has not only an Opportunity of confirming them in the Principles of Religion, but alſo of converting others, which occaſionally come there with them: And I am certain there's none of

thoſe Gentlemen, who are of as good Reputation as any in the Pariſh, but will teſtify as well of his Breeding in Converſation, as Decency in the Church: And becauſe this falſe Friend has of late ſet up for Moderation, I will deſcribe ſuch an one to him, by drawing his own Character to the Life, who is a Hermaphrodite Divine, a mere Centaure in Religion, St. *Auſtin*'s Amphibion in Reſemblance, both *Jew* and Chriſtian, in Truth, neither *Cake on the Earth, not turn'd*, Hoſ. 7. 8. a certain dow-bak'd Profeſſor, which has a Tongue for *Geneva*, and a Heart for *Amſterdam*; his Pretence for the Church, but his Project for the Meeting; to the *Jew*, he becomes as *Jew*; to them that are under the Law, as under the Law; to them that are weak, as weak, but not with the Intent of the Apoſtle, to gain ſome, but betray all.

Thus theſe Champions of *M*———*n* play at faſt and looſe with the Spirit of God, make Religion a Trick of Legerdemain, by which they would delude the Eyes of the World, by the untruſty Promiſes of a fair Outſide; which is a pretty Front or Portal of a Houſe, tho' the Rooms within are ſluttiſh and unſwept, much like the Picture of a Saint in a Glaſs, where the Lineaments of Religion ſeem drawn at a lively Poſture, all the ſilent Rhetorick of Devotion, Eyes elevated, and Knees bended, and Hands expans'd; and this is a Picture ſtill, and a Picture of the greateſt Deceit: And yet theſe

would monopolize all Religion to themſelves, as if they (as it was ſaid of the Council of *Trent*) carry'd the Holy Ghoſt up and down in a Cloak-Bag.

And theſe Low-flyers now-a-days, carry a great Applauſe with the Multitude; ſo that if they do but juggle a little with Divinity, and make Errors in Judgment, Scruples in Conſcience, call Fury Zeal, and Faction Purity, pull down Ceremonies to build up Anarchy, then the Magnificats of the People fling 'em above the Reach of Envy, and all that are not on their Side, are for a *Party*, and a very bad one too, for the *French* King; and ſo they halloo 'em as a Dog in a Ring, and never let you know the Matter, 'till they have almoſt knock'd your Brains out; and thus even Mr. *Sharp* is ſerv'd, for telling 'em the Truth, and call'd a Perſon diſaffected to the Revolution, to have a violent *Zeal* for the *French* Intereſt, to ſet up for the Pretender, and ſuch other Stuff, for three or four Pages; which is only to make him odious to the People, without one Word of contradicting any of the Complaints, if he had been the Author. But now let us examine what Intereſt Mr. *Sharp* can have in being an Enemy to the Revolution, or a Friend to the *French* King or the Pretender, if he was a Man of a deſperate Fortune, then Preferment might be in the Wind, as it is with ſome others. But it is well known Mr. *Sharp* has a plentiful Eſtate, and a Curacy as good as the beſt of their Livings,

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if not better; and can any Man in his Senſes, believe he would ſacrifice ſuch Intereſt, as well as his Conſcience, to write for an unlawful Power, as he muſt do both, if he ſhould be againſt our preſent Eſtabliſhment, under our bleſſed Queen? But how far will the Malice of ſuch Men carry 'em? Or to what Pitch of Scandal is this Vindicator arriv'd, who ſaith, he ſaw a Copy of Verſes written with Mr. *Sharp*'s own Hand, which begun thus? *I am a* Jacobite, *I own*, with a Rhapſody of Poetry ſuitable to his confus'd Loyalty; and that he chriſten'd one of his Neighbour's Children by the Name of *Jacobite*. Now, Mr. *Sharp* declares, upon the Word of a Prieſt, that he never writ or ſaw ſuch a Verſe, 'till he read it in the *Poplar* Two-penny Cut, as he words it; and that he never chriſten'd any Child by that Name, but that it was chriſten'd in the Time of his Predeceſſor Mr. *Henderſon*, by Mr. *Maxwell*, the Miniſter of *Wapping*? Doth not all this demonſtrate Malice, and purely to miſrepreſent Mr. *Sharp*, as well to the Government, as the People among whom he lives? But Envy never dies; and therefore it is next intimated, as if Mr. *Sharp* was an Encourager of the Muſick-houſes, and the ill Conſequences of ſuch debauch'd Places, when he is the only Perſon that has put himſelf to Trouble and Charges, to put a Stop to ſuch Dens of Satan, and at his own Charge, lately vindicated the Grave-Digger in a vexatious Suit, which was brought againſt him

him for detecting an ill Woman belonging to the Place,

Neither is Mr. *Sharp* ſo deſpicable a Reader, as theſe Sort of Men would make him; for when my Lord of *London* was at *Stepney*-Church, about three Weeks ago, he had the Preference to read Prayers, notwithſtanding Dr. *W*———*d* and another Doctor were there, with the Lecturer and other Curate; and if he were ſuch a Blunderer as you would make him, it is a Wonder Dr. *W*———*d*'s Zeal had not made him complain of his Inſufficiency, if the Biſhop's Clemency had over-look'd it. But the Spleen lies not there, it is at the Office of Reading, and not the Reader; and therefore in Deriſion he is call'd by that Name, though I am certain, if theſe mighty Doctors would ſometimes ſtoop to the Deſk, as they would with all their Hearts before the Biſhop, (and I ſee no Reaſon but they ſhould do it at other Times) it would promote the Intereſt of the Church more, than the preaching of many Sermons in many Churches; for every Office is receiv'd according as the Perſon is dignify'd that officiates; and if Mr. *Sharp*, that offers up the Prayers to God, is render'd contemptible, then the Duty becomes deſpis'd, for the Sake of him that offers them up. So that I look upon theſe Reflexions to be rather made againſt the Form it ſelf, than Mr. *Sharp*; for there's not one among thoſe many that frequent the daily Prayers at *Stepney*, but will

will evidence he performs the Duty with as much Devotion, as any Doctor of 'em all; and if he finds any in the Church that doth it irreverently, he admoniſhes them of the Fault, which probably ſome that are too ſtubborn to be reprimanded, may take as ill Manners; for there are ſome, you muſt know, whoſe Reaſon is their Will, and this Will ſo perverſe, and this Perverſeneſs ſo ſtupid, that Reaſon is no more a Guide, but a Slave; and you may ſooner perſwade a *Jew* from his *Talmud*, or a *Turk* from his *Alkeron*, than theſe from their Opinion unto which they are once riveted. Now, with theſe Sort of Men, Mr. *Sharp* can in no wiſe agree; for he is not afraid to ſpeak the Truth with Boldneſs, and ſhew them the Way which brings them into the Land of the Living; yet this zealous Man is call'd, Page 15, by the Vindicator, a *Scaramouch*, one that is a Ring-Leader of the Mob; but I will apply to any one that is ever converſant with him, if his Principle and Actions are not quite oppoſite, and if this very Reflexion is not a full Anſwer to all the Vindicator would have been ſaying for 14 Pages before. For did ever any one hear of a Paſſive-Obedience-Man, as Mr. *Sharp* is reckon'd by the Vindicator, ſet up for a Mob? When this Conjurer's Philoſophy can prove, that *duo contraria poſſunt eſſe in eodem ſubjecto*, I ſhall believe what he would be ſaying, to be true againſt Mr. *Sharp*: And 'till then, I muſt beg

his

his Pardon, if I look upon all he has been ſaying, as I believe every Reader will do, to be ſcandalous Reflexions upon a tight Churchman.

Can any Man be too zealous for his God, for his holy Religion? Then Mr. *Sharp* is blameable. But when one is for *Paul*, another for *Cephas*, and another for *Apollo*, or to ſpeak in our modern Language, one for *Geneva*, another for *Rhemes*, and another for *Amſterdam*, they are, as St. *Jerome* ſaith, *Non Paſtores ſed Deſtructores ad quos nihil pertinet de ovibus niſi ut devorentur:* But, ſaith he, in the next Place, he has an immortal Quarrel with Mr. *Hoadly*, becauſe he ſhall be ſo audacious as to aſſign Meaſures of Submiſſion to the Civil Magiſtrate; and this is no more than what every Man that loves our Conſtitution ought to have: For is it not great Preſumption in an inferior Prieſt, to preſcribe Meaſures of Government to that Power which protects him? Neither is the Reflexion which Mr. *Hoadly* has made in his Preface, any Diſparagement to Mr. *Sharp*, ſince he has ſaid as much of the Convocation of Lower Houſe, to paſs by his uncivil Treatment of my Lord Biſhop of *Exeter:* But you may ſee how vain theſe Men are; and if they have any Man of Learning on their Side, let his Principles be otherwiſe, how bad ſoever, he muſt preſently be ſtil'd the *Diana* of the *Epheſians*, and the Hoobub muſt be ſtreight up,

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Great, great is Mr. *Hoadly*, though he ſpares neither his Brethren of the Convocation, nor a Biſhop, if he ſtands in his Way. But Mr. *Sharp* is not the Thing pointed at! It is the Church, the Church of *England*, is the Offence; and therefore they only pitch upon him, to make it odious; and ſo the Blockhead would ſquib a Pun upon *Dunſtan*, the Name by which the Church is call'd; but it is ſo awkward, that I leave my Reader to judge, if it is not ſqueez'd out of the Noſtrils of a fat Brain, and is only angry that we obſerve Saints Days, which he calls Red-Letter Days of an old Almanack.

Neither has this violent Vindicator neglected, in his Turn, to reflect upon the Reverend Vicar; a Man of as much Piety, Sobriety, Learning, and true Moderation, as any Clergy-man living. But I dare preſume to ſay no more in his Praiſe, leaſt I ſhould offend his Modeſty, and fix a Blemiſh upon that fair Character, which I am unable to delineate; for if Mr. *Sharp* is a Perſon of that unchriſtian Temper, or vicious Inclination, as the Vindicator repreſents him to be, an Enemy to the Church and State, then Mr. *W——t.* is not only imprudent, but an ill Man, to employ, protect, and countenance ſuch an one, eſpecially when the Biſhop confirm'd, to give him the Preference to that good Man, Dr. *W——d.* And indeed I wonder none of theſe mighty Champions don't make it ap-

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pear to him; who, I am certain, would be as ready to puniſh or diſplace Mr. *Sharp* for Irregularities or Contempt of the Common-Prayer, as the greateſt pretended Zealot of them all.

Neither are theſe Indecencies in the Church-Yard (if true) any more a Reflexion upon Mr. *Sharp*, than Mr. *W*———*t*, though both of them have us'd all proper Methods to prevent any irregular Practice therein; which more properly belongs to the parochial Officers; and if they will be negligent, they can do no more than admoniſh them; which both of them have often done, and Mr. *Sharp* by ſome of them for it call'd Buſy-Body. But he being warm'd with a true Zeal, is not to be diſcountenanc'd in doing his Duty; and though the Floods riſe, and the Waves beat, he is ſtill ſupported by his true Faith, that none are Enemies to him, but ſuch as are to the Croſs of Chriſt.

I had like to have forgot to have told you, that the Reverend Dr. *W*———*n* diſown'd before the B——p and Dr. *Woodward*, his countenancing that Reflexion in the laſt Page of the Vindicator, and that he has ſince ſpoke very favourable of Mr. *Sharp*, before Clergymen and others.

But grant, that Mr. *Sharp* was the Author of the Books, which I no more believe, than that my ſelf was, and that his Zeal had carry'd him beyond the Bounds of Prudence, muſt he

he be presently tore in Pieces, bark'd at by every little Cur? Can't he go by an Almshouse, but he must be spit upon? If this is your Low-Church, tack'd to your Moderation-Principle, good Lord deliver every good Christian from Wolves in Sheep's Clothing!

But to what Height will Envy rise, especially when they have a Mind to blast a Man's Reputation? Or how far has this Detractor villify'd the common Bounds of Modesty, to blacken Mr. *Sharp*, who has never given him any other Provocation, unless because he would not compel his Daughter to marry him, who had a very plentiful Fortune; by which, in all Probability, by this Time she might have been return'd to her Father for his Love. I shall omit the Rhapsody left in the Bible, with the Protestation of his hanging himself, least I should be thought to repay him in Scandal; for never was any Thing writ so prophanely, as the Original will still testify, and to convince the World, that Mr. *Sharp* never retaliates an Injury. If the Doctor pleases to apply himself to Mr. *Sharp*, he will find him neither such an Enemy to good Manners, Dr. *Woodward*, or the Vindicator, as he hath justly been provok'd to be.

God grant, that all Christians, especially the Clergy, may be like minded, having the same Love, being of one Accord, and of one Judgment, endeavouring to keep the Unity of the Spirit in the Bond of Peace, as there is

but

but one God, one Faith, one Baptiſm, one Father of us all, who is above all, and thro' all, and in us all; which I am confident is Mr. *Sharp*'s daily Prayers.

July the 1ſt,
1709. *Farewel.*

FINIS.